

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, March 20,
at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Characteristic Suites for Orchestra, "In the Black Forest" (F. Corder)—first time at the Crystal Palace; Pianoforte Concerto in F minor (Chopin); Symphony No. 5, in B minor (Beethoven). Vocalist—Mr Santley. Pianist—Herr Barth. Conductor—MR AUGUST MANN. Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—EXTRA POPULAR CONCERT.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has the honour to announce his **BENEFIT CONCERT**, on WEDNESDAY, March 24, to commence at 8 o'clock. The following eminent Artists have most kindly promised their services:—Mrs Osgood and M^{me} Patey, M^{me} Marie Roze (by permission of H. Mapleson, Esq.), Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Santley; Herr Straus, Herr L. Ries, Mr Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. Pianoforte—M^{lle} Janotha. Harp—Mr John Thomas. Programme: Part I.—Quartet in C minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, first time of performance (Benedict)—Messrs Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Solo, harp (Thomas)—Mr John Thomas; Air, "The Lord is very pitiful," *St Peter* (Benedict)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Air, "Robert, toi que j'aime," *Robert le Diable* (Meyerbeer)—M^{me} Marie Roze—Harp Obligato, Mr John Thomas; Sonata Concertante, in E minor, for pianoforte and violin (Benedict)—M^{lle} Janotha and Herr Straus; Quartet, unaccompanied, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," *St Peter* (Benedict)—Mrs Osgood, M^{me} Patey, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley. Part II.—"Allegro Brillante," for two performers on the pianoforte, in A (Mendelssohn)—Lady Benedict (on this occasion only) and M^{lle} Janotha; Air, "I mourn like a dove," *St Peter* (Benedict)—Mrs Osgood; Songs, "To Blossom," "Montrose's Love Song" (Maude Valerie White, Mendelssohn Scholar at the R. A. M.)—Mr Santley, accompanied by the Composer; "Solrès Champêtres," for piano and violoncello (Benedict and Piatti)—M^{lle} Janotha and Signor Piatti; Ballad, "Scenes of my Youth," *The Gipsy's Warning* (Benedict)—M^{me} Patey, Harp Obligato—Mr John Thomas; Duet, "The moon has raised her lamp above," *Lily of Killarney* (Benedict)—Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley; "Romance," for violin, harp, and pianoforte (Benedict)—Messrs Straus, John Thomas and Sir Julius Benedict. Conductors—MR ZERBINI and SIR JULIUS BENEDICT. The grand horizontal pianofortes are Broadwood & Sons' and Erard's, Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission 1s. Tickets and Programmes to be had of Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.; the principal Musiciansellers and Librarians; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.
Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. The Prospectus for the Fourteenth Season, 1880, is now ready. Members are informed that the Arrangements for March are as follows, viz.: The next *Soirée Musicale*, for the introduction of rising Artists and performances of new Compositions, Wednesday evening, March 24, at the Langham Hall. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to

H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

244, Regent Street, W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT begs to announce that her Annual GRAND MATINÉE MUSICALE, under Distinguished Patronage, will take place Early in May. Full particulars will be duly announced.—38, Oakley Square.

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"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

MDME FRANCES BROOKE will sing HENRY SMART'S "LADY OF THE LEA," This Day, at Kensington; and during the month at Shrewsbury, Newcastle, &c.; and, on May 1, at Miss Albery's Concert, Lowndes Square.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire), April 7th, at Haringham.

"ALICE," by Ascher.

MRS JOHN CHESHIRE will play ASCHER'S Fantasia on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Bow and Bromley Institute, April 1.

"THE YACHTMAN'S SONG."

MR D. F. HORNER (pupil of Mr John Cross) will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new "YACHTMAN'S SONG," on April 21st, at the Cavendish Rooms.

"I NAVIGANTI."

MISS KATE THOMAS, MR EDWARD LARRETT, and MR ARTHUR GRAHAM (pupils of Mr John Cross) will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Cavendish Rooms, April 21.

"I NAVIGANTI."

MISS MARION BERRINGTON, MR JOHN CROSS, and MR FRANK WARD will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Myddelton Hall, April 14.

"I'M AN ALSATIAN."

MISS MARION BERRINGTON and MR JOHN CROSS will sing OFFENBACH'S popular Duet (from his opera, *Lischna und Fritschen*), "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at Myddelton Hall, April 14.

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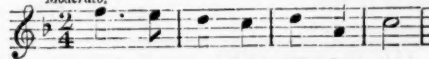
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SONG.

Music by

A. REICHARDT.

Moderato.



Gen - tle swal - low, pri - thee stay.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

If the announcement that the present season is to be the last this society can hold in the hall so long associated with its labours, will call forth regret amongst visitors but slightly familiarised with its operations, how much more sorrow will be felt by members bound to it by many endearing ties. To a few, but alas, rapidly diminishing number, who, connected with the society from its formation, now nearly fifty years ago, have never ceased to aid its development, to these faithful servants the removal of quarters will be well nigh as grievous as the shattering and scattering of household gods. Although the general public cannot enter into these sentiments, they are not unconscious of the singular fitness of the hall to the character and wants of the society. An oratorio, holding a unique position in art, is usually too much in the form of a drama for a church, and too sacred in theme for a theatre. Now, it happens that Exeter Hall, without being a consecrated building, has hitherto been set apart mostly for religious purposes, and, holding this middle ground, it has been exactly suited to the society. The directors of the "Hall" have, doubtless, been remiss in their duties to their tenants, and have failed in taking into consideration the claims of the public, notably by neglecting means of egress; but they have never lowered the prestige of the building by letting it for meetings or entertainments contrary to the designs of the founders. Consequently it has afforded a congenial home for the Sacred Harmonic Society. This body of musical amateurs was not organised with any direct religious aim, much less for any sectarian purpose. Had such a claim been made it would not have been altogether inconsistent, for do not oratorio exercises lead to spiritual elevation and strivings for a purer nature? Thousands upon thousands listening to or engaged in the sublime songs of faith and goodness, as the towering harmonies thrilled their souls, have exclaimed, "Earth and its shadows are not here: this is the gate of Heaven!" The name of religion has not been used by the society as an advertisement to attract the public, nor as a cloak to hide or palliate defects. Excepting by a few Catholic masses and some Anglican anthems, they have never appropriated music written specially for a religious order, but have confined their efforts to the cultivation of oratorio. The committee have not been unmindful of the fact that music is an art that cannot be monopolised; that it is free to saint as to sinner, to Luther as to Pope Gregory to Haydn as to Wagner, to Mendelssohn as to Liszt; that it is as impartial as the God-like sun which shines over all.

Music is often tied to the name of charity, and who shall say the alliance, when real, is not fit and gracious? Sometimes this one is seen leading the other forward under her care and help—'tis music pleading for charity. Sometimes that one advances the other's interest—'tis charity introducing music to her court. The committee of the hospital at Birmingham call on music to aid their charity; and the musical amateurs of Bristol get charity to grace their meetings. This reciprocity, however, is marred if one be found to trade upon the other. If charity seek music only for the money she brings, or music use charity merely as an advertising bait, then the connection is an hypocrisy and a fraud. It is to be regretted that often the desirable conditions are absent. Who, for instance, does not suspect that the Rev. Mr A. uses his despised organist for getting money wherewith to buy soup or tracts, or to pay off a parish debt? And who is not conscious that the concert, announced by Professor Z. for the benefit of missions or asylums, is given in reality for the purpose of showing the accomplishments of himself and pupils. The fact is that music, always ready to the call of charity, is often treated insincerely, and returns with interest the poor compliment. Probably to avoid any appearance of artifice, the Sacred Harmonic Society rarely gives concerts for any charitable cause. The committee are men well versed in the ways of trade, and recognize the usage that articles of commerce are labelled according to their current value, and not from any sentimental connection; and, in pursuance of these principles, they have striven to make the concerts as good in quality and strength as possible, and have offered them to subscribers and the public at fair marketable value. Certainly the justness and soundness of the practice cannot be questioned. The doctrine of trade which says "Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market" is not the motto of the society, for executants, when deemed essential for high efficiency, have been paid fees so high as to put immediate and even ultimate return out of the question. This has been done while the services of members and committee have been voluntary. Their valuable time has been ungrudgingly spent for the welfare of the society without mixture or adulteration of personal interest. Recognizing oratorio as the highest form of music, and delighting in the settings of sacred dramas by Handel, Mendelssohn, and other great masters, they have only been anxious to enlist the sympathies of their countrymen by performances worthy of the noble themes, and to supply the

means for edification and enjoyment. The committee are mostly men who delight, or have delighted, in the exercise of singing or playing in the orchestra. The listener, transported by one of Handel's choruses, can scarcely form an idea of the active pleasure felt by the singer as he now engages in the triumphant measure of his part, now in the conflict of the fugue, when each division of the choir strives, as it were, for mastery, now in the gathering and scattering of forces, and now in the final marshalling together of vast numbers in one grand harmony. At such times the auditor is only as the spectator of battle, who knows not the wild delight of those engaged.

The service rendered to the community during the last forty years by the Sacred Harmonic Society can scarcely be calculated. When it commenced its efforts in 1832, the taste in this country could not have been lower. An oratorio in its entirety was scarcely ever heard; selections from *The Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt* were made palatable in programmes by intermixture of sentimental ditties and popular airs. Amongst many claims made for the honourable distinction of having been the means of elevating the tone of art, surely that advanced by the workers in Exeter Hall should not be overlooked. Provincial associations, framed on the model of the parent institution, were established, that not only adopted the programme, but also emulated the skill and strength of the performances in the Strand. The committee of the society, not content with the large orchestra of Exeter Hall, and seeking fresh conquests, found in the transept of the Crystal Palace an arena wherein they could show the world the extent and excellence of the choral resources of England when under their control and organisation. They have succeeded in making the Handel Festivals remarkable for vastness subjected to minute and perfect detail. The powers springing from the gigantic organisation have been fitly expended in demonstrating the limitless capacity of works by the father of English oratorio. Whilst making general acknowledgements to the society, one cannot but refer particularly to two or three members who have been chief agents in the good cause. The first and foremost undoubtedly is Sir Michael Costa. It was a fortunate day for the institution when this distinguished musician undertook the duties of conductor, for by the force of his genius he has raised them continually from one excellence to a higher, and led them from victory to victory. The gift of command, visible in his every look and gesture, is sustained by comprehensive knowledge of his art, and enforced by a certain nobility of demeanour and character. In him rigid discipline is accompanied by kind and careful protection, and the genius of the artist is backed by the qualities of a gentleman. Unfortunately for art, moral attributes are sometimes reckoned of little account, and capacity for special work thought all-sufficient. "What matters!" the careless might say, "what I am, how I live, and what I do; my talent in art is my sole value." To such a one the conductor enforces the fact that high personal conduct is a great and indispensable power. The Society, and, it may be also said, the community at large, owe deep gratitude to the late Robert Bowley. From the days, when a few lovers of choral music met together in the Strand to practice Handel's choruses, to the time when the performances in the "Hall" were the admiration of all who esteemed oratorio, that gentleman was ever amongst his associates an able and energetic chief. Few men, even in such an age of activity as the immediate past, when companies, limited and unlimited, seemed to divide and appropriate the world, had such talent for organisation and administration as he possessed. His enthusiasm was intense and catching, and his industry self-exhausting. He was a veritable Hans Sachs amongst the "master-singers" of the Strand. He had, however, the good fortune of finding an able lieutenant in Mr James Peck. Attentive admiration is generally fixed upon him that says "Go ye; do this or that," whilst the doer receives but scant consideration. Those, however, who know the sphere of Mr Peck's labours will readily acknowledge his devotion, for he has literally lived his life in the service of the Society, and deserves every honour and reward that faithful and competent work can claim.

To those who have the welfare of sacred music at heart any abatement of public interest in the concerts of the society must be a matter of deep regret; especially if the decline proceed, not from any depreciation in the quality of the performances, but from lack of appreciation in patrons. It would be interesting to trace the cause. Is this lack of regard for sacred music the natural accompaniment of that distaste which some say prevails at present in society for all things scriptural? Does lessening love for oratorio correspond with spiritual declension? Be the answer yes or no, there is comfort in the thought that the religious force native to the soul of man cannot be destroyed, and that the music which is its legitimate and most lofty mode of expression, will never be lost. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that the public, instead of falling away from a high standard of musical appreciation, have found deviations for the

gratification of their taste, in classical instrumental music supplied so constantly in the present day—notably at the Crystal Palace and St James's Hall. It should be borne in mind that until of late years this class of music was little known. The symphonies, quartets, &c., of the great masters have, indeed, fallen upon English audiences as revelations. Are they now successful rivals to the elder art? If it be true that they have fascinated and led professors and amateurs from the love formerly bestowed on Handelian oratorio, chagrin need not be felt, for those kindred branches will in course of time afford that education which will intensify rather than diminish admiration for the noble sacred drama. Whatever may be the changes time, sooner or later, may work in the Sacred Harmonic Society, whether it grows or falls away in numbers, wherever it may be located, or however it may be patronised, its mission should be the same glorious one it has filled in the past, the fostering and perpetuating of oratorio, the most exalted branch of the divine art.

—O—
PENCERDD GWFFYN.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S ORCHESTRA.

The appearance in London of organised musical bodies from the provinces supplies an occasional source of interest to metropolitan amateurs, but hitherto such visitors have always been choral societies. We have had them from Wales, Yorkshire, and one or two other parts of the country, the result in nearly every case tending to prove that our great city has by no means a monopoly of executive talent or even an assurance of absolute supremacy. On Tuesday an orchestra looked in upon us for the first time. The admirable band gathered, trained, and conducted by Mr Charles Hallé, at Manchester, is quite accustomed to this process elsewhere. It often pays visits to our great Northern towns, and always meets with a welcome. Why not in London, too? The matter was duly tested, and, as might have been foreseen, the Lancashire Orchestra—so we will call it, though many of its members are not unknown in London—was greeted heartily and won a frank success. Mr Hallé's object was, of course, to exhibit the powers of the musical machine constructed by him, and to do so in association with music everywhere accepted as imposing the severest test. For this double purpose he gave two concerts in St James's Hall, and performed four symphonies with so many overtures. . . . No amateur needs to have the merit of this selection explained. At one and the same time it gave the performances high musical value and constituted an ordeal through which only a first-class band could go scatheless. The qualities of Mr Hallé's orchestra need not be discussed here as though the topic were new to our columns. At successive Bristol Festivals those qualities have supported a theme for mingled criticism and eulogy, the latter predominating, and it would almost suffice to state that on the present occasion the Manchester performers came fully up to their Bristol standard. . . . The great characteristic of the orchestra is oneness of spirit and expression, arising from the dominant influence of a single capable mind. Mr Hallé is a real conductor, not a mere *bâton* flourisher. He knows what effects he wishes to produce, and how to influence the players so as to make them sympathise with his purpose and adopt it as their own. Hence the clearness, precision, and unity with which all the symphonies and overtures were "read." . . . We hope to see Mr Hallé and his Manchester artists amongst us again, and, unless we are very much mistaken, the public share the feeling.—D. T.

MISS HAUKE AND WAGNER AT NAPLES.—"Miss Minnie Hauke"—says the *Graphic*—"has met with a flattering reception at Naples, where, in the Teatro Bellini, she made her *début* as Mignon. The *Pungolo* and other Neapolitan journals speak in high terms of her performance. Her next part is to be Carmen. Miss Hauke has paid a visit to Richard Wagner, by whom, in consequence of her impersonation of his Senta, with which he expressed himself entirely satisfied at Vienna, she is held in special esteem. Wagner derives much benefit from the climate of Naples, but his thoughts seem to be wholly engrossed by the contemplated festival at Bayreuth, of which his now completed *Parsifal* is to be the first conspicuous feature. A large sum of money is required, not less, it is said, than one million of marks, to place the undertaking, according to Wagner's notion, on a sure footing; and this, with all the enthusiasm of his most zealous disciples, is but slowly accumulating. So that the festival, which it was hoped might come off at least as early as 1879, was postponed till 1880, is now again postponed till 1881, and may be put off year after year, who knows how long? Wagner is now in his 67th year, and all his remaining energy must be taxed in carrying out his plan. When informed by Miss Hauke of the continued favour enjoyed by his works both in England and America, his characteristic reply was, 'Ah, but you should all come to me—at Bayreuth I mean.' On Miss Hauke's taking leave he promised to attend her first performance of Carmen." [See another column.—W. D. D.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday evening, March 13:—

Scherzo, in E flat minor, Op. 4, pianoforte (Brahms)—Mr George Elliot, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas; Recitative, "So they being filled," and Aria, "I will sing," *St Paul* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Bristed, pupil of Mr Benson; Polonaise, in A flat, Op. 53, pianoforte (Chopin)—Mr G. F. Smith, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Song (MS.), "The Sailor's Wife" (Rose Evans)—(accompanist, Miss R. Evans, student)—Miss M. S. Jones, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox; Recitative, "And God said," and Aria, "With verdure clad," *Creation* (Haydn)—(accompanist, Miss Amy Hare)—Miss Beare, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Sonata, in F, No. 6, pianoforte and flute (Handel)—Miss Vaughan and Mr Hollis, pupils of Mr W. H. Holmes and Mr Svendsen; Song (MS.), "Tis love, sweet love" (William George Wood, Sterndale Bennett scholar)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Miss Constance Wyld, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox; Barcarola, *Biondina* (Gounod)—(accompanist, Mr Morton)—Miss Marian McKenzie (Parepa-Rosa scholar) and Mr R. E. Miles, pupils of Mr Randegger; Fugue, in G minor, vol. 4, organ (Bach)—Miss Hogg, pupil of Mr H. R. Rose; Recitation, "Ivry," a Song of the Huguenots (Thomas Babington Macaulay, Lord Macaulay)—Miss Lily Twyman, pupil of Mr Walter Lacy; Wanderlied (Schumann)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Mr M. S. Dunn, pupil of Mr Fiori; Phantasie-Stücke, "Warum," "Des Abends" (Schumann), and Study, in G flat (Chopin), pianoforte—Miss Eva Thompson, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Quartet (MS.), "The eyes of all wait upon Thee" (Elizabeth Fosskett, student)—Miss Florence Norman, Miss M. S. Jones, Mr B. Davies, and Mr Jarratt, pupils of Mr H. C. Banister, Mr F. R. Cox, and Mr Fiori; Recitative, "Arise now, Jacob," and Aria, "Be thou faithful," *Jacob* (Henry Smart)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Woolley, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Andante and Rondo Russe (from Concerto, in B minor), violin (De Beriot)—(accompanist, Mr Morton)—Mr Smythies, pupil of Mr Sainton; Song (MS.), "The Fisherman" (Hamilton Robinson, student)—(accompanist, Mr Robinson)—Miss M. Jones, pupil of Mr H. C. Banister and Mr Fiori; Three Diversions, for two performers on the pianoforte, Op. 17 (Sir William Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Ariana Ferni and Miss Annie Foxley, pupils of Mr Walter Fitton.

—O—

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

To *Theophilus Queer, Esq.*

Strange it is—we may say queer, at least in our judgment, a queer one it may be—that the staff of *The World* (necessarily strong in their cooperative capacity) will be, or correctly, should be found at fault even sometimes. The judgment of the Staff should be as right as the Staff is upright. But we—that is the Co (in most partnerships 'tis so, and which it isn't any part of our name which is Gamp) would be, or, will be, (not the Madrigalian Willbye, cos why, that is I) pleased to commend your cry of "give" to our Head Partner who wrote the article, whose name is Jno Bull (no relation to Cowper, tho' it isn't pronounced Cowper, but Cooper, or Oxenford) and who is now abroad, to be out of the way of the Elections. We've told you our name, so we need not pen it again.

13th March, 1880.

—O—

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Adolphe Adams' one-act comic opera, *La Poupée de Nuremberg*, has been produced (under the title of *Die Nürnberger Puppe*) at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, but not, as the bills erroneously announce, for the first time in Berlin. It was performed at the same theatre between 1850 and 1860, M^{me} Küchenmeister-Rudersdorf, since well-known in London, assuming the principal female part.—There have been plenty of concerts lately. Foremost among them may be mentioned the concert given in the Singakademie by M^{lle} Jlonka von Rawasz, a young Magyar lady, a pupil of Franz Liszt's. She was assisted by M^{lle} Marianne Stresow and Herr Moritz Moszkowski.—By the permission of Herr von Hülse, *Robert le Diable*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Gounod's *Faust*, will be included this season in the repertory at Kroll's.—M. Camille Saint-Saëns has just composed and dedicated to the Countess von Schlieinitz a four-handed pianoforte piece founded on Heine's poem, and entitled "König Harfagar." It is published by Bote and Bock.

MR BACHE'S CONCERT.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Thursday evening, at St James's Hall, was a voice heard as of one crying in the wilderness—the voice of Mr Walter Bache, who, surrounded by a band of devoted fellow-disciples, once more entreated us to believe the gospel of Franz Liszt. For sixteen years has this missionary apparition revealed itself at about the same time and in the same place, but always with so little effect upon hard and unbelieving hearts that there is now something pathetic in its forlornness. It does not necessarily follow that Mr Bache is an object of commiseration. A looker-on may pity the man who labours without apparent reward, but the labourer himself may be sustained by hope in ultimate success, and see with the eye of faith the crowning of an edifice whose foundations even are not visible to the eye of sense. We sincerely trust that, for his own sake, this is Mr Bache's experience, and, for the sake of music, that the structure he strives to rear may always be as much a *chateau en Espagne* as now. On this occasion Mr Bache brought with him an ally in Herr F. Niecks, to whom was entrusted the talking part of the enterprise. It was for the concert-giver to show us Liszt, and for Herr Niecks to enlarge upon the merits of the display. Herr Niecks did this with a most engaging assumption of John Bull frankness and simplicity. "Liszt has never had fair play," he said, "and even his friends have often done him more harm than good." How? The answer is that "their too enthusiastic admiration, which often blinded them to what was good in others, hardened and enraged the unbelievers, and their crude, undigested, and indigestible æsthetical notions and philosophical jargon made confusion worse confounded." All this is very true, and if said at the beginning instead of the end of the writer's essay on Liszt would have won a good deal of sympathy. But it followed a literary effort which, with all its assumption of frankness, exemplified the very mistakes condemned. Herr Niecks asks us at the outset to consider four propositions, three of which we never heard disputed, while the remaining one cannot be considered for a moment without rejection as wholly fallacious and misleading. "Form," says this thesis, "is an abstract idea, realisable in countless, infinitely various concretes." If by "form" Herr Niecks means "shape," we agree with him at once. But form, in artistic phraseology, means shape and something more. We talk of the form of a crystal, or of a honeycomb-cell, but not of the form of a stone rough hewn from the quarry. The word artistically used implies symmetry and order, and therefore cannot be—as Herr Niecks expresses it, in language far removed of course from the jargon he condemns—"realisable in countless, infinitely varied concretes." To confound shape with form would be to lift the floodgates of artistic licentiousness and give up the entire domain of music to chaos. "Form," continues Herr Niecks, "does not mean only symphony, or rondo, or march, &c., but it means all this, and much more." Granted; with the reservation that the "much more" cannot, in the very nature of the case, include anything at variance with the laws of harmonious construction which the symphony, rondo, and march felicitously illustrate. Herr Niecks' whole argument, as far as embodied in the thesis quoted, turns upon this distinction, and we contend that if Liszt's symphonic works are not constructed in accordance with the spirit that dictated the accepted forms of music, they have, artistically considered, no form at all. But our essayist soon gives us to understand that it is hardly worth while to argue the point, because that which is admissible in the abstract is often intolerable in the concrete. He asks us to go to the root of the matter as regards Liszt, and the root of the matter is Liszt's individuality. The extraordinary doctrine is proclaimed that a man's works must be looked at and prized for the light they throw upon himself, as though they were the means, he the end; and we are asked to "go to the man's life-circumstances for the outlines of his portrait, and afterwards to his works for the colour and the lights and shadows." If we do this, "much that we felt inclined to stigmatise as eccentric attempts at originality will be seen to be the expression of a peculiarly-constituted nature." Underlying

this is another fallacy, seemingly based upon the notion that the creator must be greater than the thing created, and that, as we look through nature up to nature's God, so the purpose of an artistic work is to reveal "the colour and the lights and shadows" of the worker. Whereas the fact is that a man's productions in art are 'le man hims-ly' in his artistic relations. His "life-circumstances" may throw some kind of subsidiary light upon them, but we can know the artist well and remain in ignorance of the man. Else would our perception of Shakspeare be very faint indeed. Else would our perception of all great men become more and more faint as the mists of time gather round their personality. Is it not a common experience, moreover, that we lose sight of the artist in his work? Who, under the spell of *Hamlet*, thinks of the poor Warwickshire player? Or who, listening to the Choral Symphony, calls up the cantankerous deaf old man once living in Vienna? We should never explain or apologise for either by reference to the "peculiarly-constituted nature" of Shakspeare or Beethoven. The drama of the one and the symphony of the other stand alone, to be judged for themselves, and so must the music of Liszt. In brief, we may not reason from the artist to his works for purposes of criticism, but we may, if we like, reason from the works to the artist, for the subordinate purpose of gratifying curiosity. Herr Niecks would probably reject this statement as put, but he is not far from the spirit of it. "After all," he says, "the best that can be done for Liszt is to let him speak for himself." Precisely. But why did not Herr Niecks say so at first, and spare himself and us some trouble?

Mr Bache usually brings forward at his annual concert one of Liszt's more important orchestral compositions, the work introduced for the first time in England on Thursday evening being the *Faust Symphony*. Each of the three sections of this piece is authoritatively described as a "character picture," and we are asked to recognise Faust in the first, Margaret in the second, and in the third Mephistopheles. The whole is, therefore, an example of "programme music"—that which Herr Niecks mentions in one of his theses as "a legitimate genre." It is no part of our purpose to contest Herr Niecks' definition, but we are bound to hold that programme music belongs to the inferior forms of art, and that its composer takes, as such, a subordinate rank. The crowning glory of the essential nature of music is its abstractness. Painters and sculptors reproduce the forms of nature, poets sing the qualities and deeds of beings, human or divine, but the musician speaks from out a world of his own, which necessarily touches the ordinary world nowhere. His noblest works do not require even to be intellectually apprehended. Listening to Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, with no regard for technical expression the intellect is at rest. It is not needed as a channel to true soul perception. Our divine art has the "private *entrée*" to the soul, and would reach its object were all ordinary roads labelled "no thoroughfare." Obviously, therefore, if music be employed not in this unique aspect, but for purposes merely illustrative or descriptive of men and things, it is put to an inferior use, and no question connected with such an application of it can be other than inferior also. We must insist upon this, lest the Liszt discussion assume dimensions not warranted by really secondary importance. As to the precise truth of the three character pictures in a *Faust Symphony* there is obviously no foothold for dispute. One might as well argue upon taste, which is an individual possession, or upon religion, which is a matter of faith. When, for example, we hear a theme that wanders among the chromatic tones of the scale much as Scarlatti's cat rambled over the key-board, and are told to recognise it as an "inquiry motive," we are face to face with an impossibility. Recognition is out of the question, because it is beyond the power of music to suggest the act of inquiry, much less its nature with sufficient definitiveness. All we can do is to accept the theme as musically standing for the thing represented, and even this depends upon whether or not the composer has indicated his purpose in words. The essential weakness of programme music lies here, and out of the difficulty a composer can find only two ways. In the

first place, he may, as did Sterndale Bennett in the overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, accompany his score with an exhaustive verbal interpretation, and give the intellect and fancy pleasant occupation while the ear listens. Or he may, as did Beethoven in his Pastoral Symphony, so shape his work as that it shall have adequate interest and value, independent of its worth as a piece of musical painting. In a *Faust Symphony*, Liszt has done neither of these things, and he who looks to recognise objects sees nothing but vaguely defined shadows, while he who expects the gratification of contemplating a work structurally artistic meets with something referable to no known law. Hence, notwithstanding a few passages that scarcely need interpretation—as when Margaret is supposed to pick the petals of the flower—the impression made by the entire work is vague and chaotic. Music may, however, be vague in meaning and chaotic in its want of form without offending the ear. Some portions of Liszt's symphony prove this. It contains occasional passages of striking beauty, and many others are all aglow with the colour that gives at least a sensuous delight. But these cases are exceptional. We mainly see a constant straining after effect, in the shape of every imaginable eccentricity. Positive ugliness often presents itself, while in the Mephistophelian "character picture" not even the weird fancy of middle-age painters has conjured up anything equivalent in repulsiveness to the noises of Liszt. The instruments seem to have gone mad with one consent, only retaining sufficient method to work out a design madder than themselves. Of course, all this, varied by moments of sanity, is physically exciting like the dance of the tarantula-bitten, and a number of excellent people, finding their nerves stimulated, go away in the belief that they have enjoyed music, and are ready to swear by Liszt for ever after. For ourselves, if we must admit that the bulk of this *Faust Symphony* is music at all, it can only be on the understanding that it is music degraded. What has the "heavenly maid" done, in her sweetness and benignity, and in her beautiful abstraction from all things gross and earthly, that she should be galvanised into contortions that disgust and repel? It behoves us all to protest against this latter-day abomination, and we do protest here and now with full heart and soul.

The performance by an orchestra of eighty-one players, with Herr Deichmann as *chef d'attaque* and Mr Bache as conductor was, all things considered, most admirable. A more difficult task has rarely been essayed, and, more rarely still, discharged with so much effect. In the vocal *finale*, the tenor solo was vigorously sung by Mr McGuckin, supported by a good chorus of male voices. But, though admirably presented, the symphony met with an almost cold reception, both facts being to us matters for equal congratulation. The balance of the programme contained Mozart's overture to *Die Zauberflöte* and Chopin's second pianoforte concerto in F minor, both conducted by Mr Manns, the solo in Chopin's work being played, in his now well-known style, by Mr Bache. The concert-giver introduced this concerto, with Klindworth's new scoring, on a former occasion, and its importance scarcely warranted a repetition. But Mr Bache so treated it as to obtain a cordial re-call.

LISZT'S "FAUST SYMPHONY."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—At the end of a very able and straightforward criticism in the *Daily News* upon this insolent defiance of all that is beautiful and should be most revered in art, to my great astonishment I read the following:—

"This gentleman" (Mr Walter Bache) "deserves high credit for ringing forward so representative a work of a composer in whom *everybody believes*," &c.

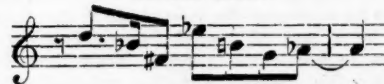
Why, after the severe and just condemnation bestowed by your contemporary upon the *Faust Symphony*, and occasionally upon other works from the same source, does Mr Bache deserve "high praise" for repeatedly bringing them forward? I fail to see it. As well "high praise" be awarded to a man who brings about a periodical visitation of the cholera.—Yours obediently,

Mayor and Melon, Axminster,
March 17.

SIMON HALF.

DOGBERRY v. MALAPROP.

To Otto Brarb.



SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Aida has been produced at the Grand Opera in magnificent style. No expense, no trouble, has been spared in putting it on the stage. Verdi himself conducted it on the first night, a privilege hitherto jealously denied by the members of the band to every "outsider." Gounod, as the readers of the *Musical World* may recollect, was not accorded the favour now granted to his Italian brother in art.—A copy of the score of Gluck's *Arcete*, magnificently bound, has been presented to M. Vaucorcel by the members of his band aforesaid, as a token of their gratitude for what he has done to forward their interests since he entered upon management.—The floor of the orchestra is about to be laid upon raised rafters so as to make it more resonant. The plan has been adopted for some time at the Opéra-Comique with most satisfactory results.

It might well be supposed by the uninitiated that, when a composer of good repute and two well-known literary men combine, the two latter to write a libretto and the former to set it to music, they would experience no difficulty in getting their joint work produced forthwith. Never, however, would any supposition be more opposed to the truth, as MM. Edmond Gondinet, Philippe Gille, and Léo Delibes can testify. *Jean de Nivelle*, the new three-act comic opera due to the collaboration of the gentlemen above named, has only just been brought out at the Opéra-Comique, though nearly five years have elapsed since it was accepted at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Some two years passed and M. Vizentini, the manager of that theatre, was ruined ere he could produce *Jean de Nivelle*, which was then taken to M. Carvalho, who promised to perform it at the Opéra-Comique. He has kept his word, but not until the public—as well, doubtless, as librettists and composer—had begun to fancy he did not intend doing so before the Greek Kalends.

Jean de Nivelle, the personage who gives his name to the piece, is an historical character, whose memory has been handed down by the proverb, "*Il ressemble à ce chien de Jean de Nivelle: il s'enfuit quand on l'appelle.*" Jean, with his younger brother, Louis, left the service of his own sovereign, Louis XI. of France, and joined that of the Count de Charolais. Indignant at Jean's conduct, his father, the Duc de Montmorency, summoned him by sound of trumpet to return to his allegiance, and, when the young man paid no attention to the summons, disinherited and branded him publicly as a "dog." Such is the historical basis on which MM. E. Gondinet and P. Gille have built up their libretto, which is none of the clearest. However, the following may be accepted as a tolerably correct summary of it. At the rising of the curtain, we are in Burgundy, where great preparations are being made to celebrate the happy termination of the vintage. Here, in the disguise of a simple shepherd, Jean de Nivelle, otherwise the Sire Jean de Montmorency, has found a refuge, after fleeing from the French Court, in order that he may not be compelled by the King to marry Mlle de Malicorne, who, poor thing, is a hunchback. But, while tending his flocks, Jean has captivated the affections of Arlette, the niece of Simone, a reputed sorceress, who sells love charms to the maidens and swains of the country round, and wants Arlette to wed her (Simone's) son, a ne'er-do-weel, who has been imprisoned for robbery. Arlette refuses compliance. Simone threatens to give information that Jean is a refugee from the French, and Arlette, in return, declares she will denounce Simone as a witch. This keeps the latter quiet for a time, but only for a time, and she eventually carries out her threat. But the circumstance is attended with no particular evil consequences to the Sire Jean de Montmorency; on the contrary, it obtains for him—after he has killed in a duel a certain Saladin d'Anglure, and been pardoned for the deed—the command of a company in the war which the Duke of Burgundy declares against France. Of course, while all this is going on, there is the usual love-making, jealousy, &c., &c. The Sire de Malicorne, a stupid old nobleman, father of the poor hunchback, has been sent by Louis XI. to negotiate a treaty between the two countries. At the Burgundian Court, he finds Arlette, who has followed to that gay scene her foster-sister and friend, Diane de Beautreillis, and by her beauty and fascinating voice holds the Duke spell-bound. Meanwhile, Diane has secretly fallen in love with Jean. In the third act, we have the battle of Monthéry, where Jean performs prodigies of valour, and saves the Count de Charolais from being captured by the enemy. But he is far from happy: he has once more beheld the banner of France, and his heart yearns towards

his native land. He determines on returning thither. This is just what is desired by Louis XI., who means him to die for his treasonable conduct. But, peace having been declared, the Count de Charolais obtains his preserver's pardon from the King, and Arlette is at length united to him she loves.

The score written on this libretto is characterised by most of M. Léo Delibes' good qualities and some of his defects. In trying to do too much he has frequently not succeeded as well as he otherwise might, and on more than one occasion has so overloaded the musical idea with superfluous details that it never has a chance of asserting itself. M. Delibes should be on his guard against over elaboration, or he will become a mannerist. There is yet time to avoid a course so much to be regretted. Among the many charming things in the new work may be mentioned the fresh, crisp chorus for female voices at the commencement of the first act; Simone's couplets, "*De la Mandragore*;" and the duet between Arlette and Jean. Then in the second act, a romance of Simone's; the duet between Arlette and Simone; and the finale. In the third act, the best things are an air sung by Arlette and a pathetic romance given to Jean.

The piece is, on the whole, well acted and well sung. Mlle Bilbaut-Vauchelet was remarkably good as Arlette and fully availed herself of the opportunities so liberally afforded her for the display of her exceptional feats of vocalisation. The part of the sorceress, Simone, is just suited to Mlle Engally. M. Talazac acquitted himself most creditably in the arduous character of the hero. M. Taskin, also, was an excellent Charolais. The orchestra and choruses went very smoothly; the dresses and scenery were everything that could be desired.

For some time the receipts at the Opéra-Populaire have not sufficed to pay the expenses, and, as the artists and others refused to go on working without remuneration, the theatre has been closed.—Charles Lecocq's popular opera, *La Marjolaine*, has been revived at the Théâtre de la Renaissance.—A new three-act buffo-opera, *La Girouette*, book by MM. H. Bocage and Hemery, music by M. Cœdès, has been successfully produced at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes.

M. Lemoine-Montigny, for many years manager of the Théâtre du Gymnase, died on the 6th inst., aged 74. Though he had been in a bad state of health for some time, the sad event was not expected so soon and is much regretted in artistic circles. M. Montigny was the husband of the once-famous actress, Rose Chéri—who, by the way, was so antipathetic to Théophile Gautier. Another recent death is that of M. David Sutter, author of several works on the theory of music.

JEANNE D'ARC PIANISTE.

(From "*La Patrie*.")

Madame Montigny-Rémaury donnait lundi soir, salle Erard, un concert avec orchestre. Le talent de l'admirable pianiste a évidemment atteint son apogée, et pourtant elle semble se surpasser chaque fois qu'on l'écoute, tant chez elle la perfection est grande.

Mme Montigny a le respect des auteurs; elle exécute le classique avec cette pureté de style, cette simplicité d'interprétation qui conviennent si bien aux œuvres anciennes, et elle a le bon goût de ne jamais demander à la fantaisie des effets qui, souvent favorables à la virtuose, dénaturent la plupart du temps la pensée des maîtres. La charmante artiste nous a fait entendre le "Concert-Stück" de Weber, pour lequel elle a su réunir les qualités les plus opposées: une puissance pleine de maestria, une délicatesse charmante et un brio entraînant. Puis est venue une série d'œuvres classiques et modernes, pour piano seul. Mme Montigny a charmé son auditoire nombreux et distingué avec Mozart, Bach, Chopin, Schumann, Adler, en assimilant tour à tour son talent au genre de chacun d'eux.

Le concert s'est terminé par un allegro de Schumann du plus grand intérêt. Somme toute, succès complet pour notre célèbre pianiste si appréciée de tous.

M. DE THÉMINES.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT and LAST CONCERT of the Season,
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1880.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 57 (Posthumous), for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERRINI, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG, "The Erl King"—Mr SARTLEY Schubert.
THREE PIECES, for pianoforte and violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Signor PIATTI Rubinstein.
PHANTASIESÜCKE, "Grillen," "Warum," and "In der Nacht," for pianoforte alone—Mlle JANOTHA Schumann.

PART II.

VARIATIONS, ADAGIO, and FINALE, from Divertimento in E flat, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI Mozart.
SONGS, { "O cessate di piangere" Scriabini.
 { "Ho messo nuove corde" Gounod.

HUNGARIAN DANCES, for violin and pianoforte—Herr JOACHIM and Mlle JANOTHA Brahms and Joachim.
Conductor—Mr ZERRINI.

LAST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

THIS DAY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 20, 1880.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in D minor, Op. 151, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI Schubert.
SONG, "Memnon"—Herr HENSCHL Schubert.
ANDANTE and RONDO CAPRICCIOSO, for pianoforte alone—Mlle JANOTHA Mendelssohn.
SONATA, in D major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI Locatelli.
SONG, "The Two Grenadiers" (by desire)—Herr HENSCHL Schumann.
SONATA, in A major, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for pianoforte and violin—Mlle JANOTHA and Herr JOACHIM Brethoven.
Conductor—Mr ZERRINI.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Frowe, & Co., 48, Chancery; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 60, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry.

Mr BRINLEY RICHARDS has been elected a Director of the Royal Academy of Music, in place of the late well-known amateur, Mr Henry Rougier.

PROFESSOR JOHN HULLAH, who has been somewhat gravely indisposed, is, we are glad to hear, rapidly convalescing—thanks to the bracing air of the Malvern Hills.

Mr ARTHUR SULLIVAN, accompanied by Mr W. S. Gilbert and Mr D'Oiley Carte (administrator), arrived safe and sound in England, by the "good ship, Gallia," on Saturday morning.

Herr JAUNER, manager of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is expected at Turin, to attend a performance of Boito's *Mefistofele*, with a view to producing the work in the Austrian capital.

THE thirteenth annual concert of the Musical Society at Edinburgh University, judging from notices in the *Courant* and other papers, would seem to have been a great and legitimate success. That Sir Herbert Oakeley has done more than any previous occupant of the Professor's chair to promote the cause of music in the city and its University few will be inclined to dispute.—*Graphic*.

Herr HAUSMANN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A few lines must suffice to record the very successful first appearance at the seventeenth concert of the series, of Herr R. Hausmann, of Berlin, who played Schumann's concerto for violoncello and orchestra with specially fine quality of tone and highly skilful execution—merits again successfully displayed in two short pieces—"Adagio" by Locatelli, and "Mazurka," by Popper. Herr Hausmann's success was decided; and we shall doubtless soon have further occasion to speak of his merits.—*Daily News*.

MADAME MONTIGNY - RÉMAURY

Begs to announce that she will arrive in London EARLY in APRIL.
All communications to be addressed to her, care of Messrs ERARD,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT STREET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JEANNE D'ARC.—"Polka," if you please—not "Polka." *Fi done!*

ANTEATER.—We are unable to see how the controversy between Warden Finch and Chaplain Proast can interest the readers of the *Musical World*. True, they both played on the flute, and so did Subdean Gouge, whom Archbishop Tillotson overheard piping in a shrubbery. But other wardens and other chaplains have played the flute, perhaps as well as John Sebastian Bach's great (though stingy) patron, Frederic, and other subdeans have been overheard piping in shrubberies. The late erudite Dr Thoresby of Leeds, were he living, could enlighten "Anteater" on this matter; so could Mr Ramsden, Dr Spark, and Mr Phenicopter Allan of the Queen's.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

TO MONTIGNY (JEANNE D'ARC) RÉMAURY.

*Thy hands had hardly touched the keys when—lo!
The music came and kissed them,—yes, it rose
A tide to thee, the moon that made it flow,
Delight and wonder striking, to and fro.
Thou drewest dead singers from their death repose,
And they came to thee living those sweet fingers,
On which, perhaps, some of their breath still lingers.*

*Oh! let me drink that God's wine—let me slake
My thirst for Heaven at those hands of thine—
Let me caress their sweetness, for they make
Such marvels that, who knows but they might wake
My lips to music with their touch divine!
Alas! my lips are full of music-madness,
Kisses alone, not words, can tell their gladness.*

Friday night, Feb. 27th, 1880.

Enut.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE last Saturday Popular Concert for the season takes place this afternoon, the last Monday Popular Concert on the evening of the day after to-morrow. Altogether, including two extra performances, one of which, for Beethoven's Posthumous Quartets, took place on Wednesday last, and the other, a complimentary offering to Sir Julius Benedict, in recognition of his long services, is fixed for Wednesday next, Mr Arthur Chappell will have given since the first week in November, 1879, no fewer than forty concerts—the largest number on record since their institution in February, 1859. Seven hundred and fourteen concerts of classical chamber music in little over twenty years seems incredible. Yet such is the fact, and such the just reward of faith and perseverance in a good and healthy cause.

AT NAPLES.

(From a Correspondent.)

The English admirers of Minnie Hauk will be glad to know that her *début* at the Teatro Bellini was a legitimate success. In fact, the American lyric comedian has "hit" the Neapolitans, who are loud in her praises. I was present at the first and second performances of *Mignon*, and can testify to the warmth of her reception—as also to the fact of her having fully deserved it. Miss Hauk sings with as much ease in Italian as she does in German, French, and her own tongue. I write in haste, but, in confirmation of what I say, enclose you the article on *Mignon* which appeared, on the morning after the performance, in the *Pungolo*. I may add that the criticisms in the other papers, which

I will post as soon as I return from Portici (the name will recall your favourite *Muette*) are equally favourable.

(From the "Pungolo.")

"Abbiamo riudita ieri sera, al Teatro Bellini, la signorina Hauk nella *Mignon*, e ci siamo convinti ch'ella merita d'essere giudicata, al di fuori di ogni confronto colle artiste che la precedettero, per i soli suoi pregi di cantante e di attrice, i quali, sino dalla prima rappresentazione, ci parvero eccezionali, e lo sono. La Hauk ha una di quelle voci piene, profonde, vellutate, ricche d'inflessioni e di accento, fatte apposta per esprimere col canto le passioni del dramma. Udendola, voi capite alla prima che essa non è una delle solite, delle troppe voci artificiali, formatesi penosamente nella gola collo studio e colla pazienza; quella voce stupenda, calda, colorata, che si piega a tutte le manifestazioni del sentimento, è nata con lei; le sgorga limpida, senza sforzo, eccetto che nelle note acute dov'essa perde la mollezza vultuosa e l'accento così vigoroso e così espressivo. Udendola, comprendete anche un'altra cosa, ed è che quella voce non è isolata nella gola; che vi è, non solo corrispondenza, ma anche fusione fra la nota e il sentimento; che quella cantante è un'attrice, la quale sa entrare nel dramma, e rimanervi nelle condizioni speciali del personaggio che rappresenta. La signorina Hauk cantò il primo atto meglio assai che nella prima sera, e deliziosamente la romanza "Connais-tu le pays?" barbaramente storpiata dalla traduzione italiana. A proposito di questo pezzo, il quale per ispirazione melodica e per delicatezza di sentimento è uno dei più belli, se non il più bello della *Mignon*, non sappiamo perchè il pubblico del Bellini, che nella mania antipatica del *bis* supera i troppo entusiasti frequentatori del Circo Nazionale, lo abbia accolto sempre con freddezza, riservando tutto l'impeto de' suoi trasporti ad altri pezzi che lo meritano molto meno. Anche ieri sera fu ripetuto il duetto "delle Rondinelle."*

* This is so everywhere and on every occasion, no matter who plays *Mignon*. Why, it is difficult to explain, the air itself being in its style a perfect gem.—W. D. D.

P.S.—I re-open my letter to tell you that Miss Hauk called upon Richard Wagner on Sunday, and was most graciously received. According to her report he is looking remarkably well and finds that the air of Naples has done him a world of good. Miss Hauk told him with what pleasure his music was sung, played, and listened to in London—to which the master replied "you should all of you come to me." "We should be only too happy to do so," said Carmen. "Ah, but I mean Bayreuth," retorted the poetic idealiser of Scandinavian *mythos*, the fountain whence gushes forth the "infinite *melos*." The truth must be uttered,—it is the funds for *Parsifal* that absorb his thoughts and make him at moments fretful and desponding. Poor All-master! Nearly four years have elapsed since the tetralogical celebration at Bayreuth, and though Hans von Bülow works day and night at the cause, like one possessed, a Liszt and a Tausig in one, still *Parsifal* looms with fitful gleams in the far horizon, and the daily contemplation of Vesuvius in no way helps the matter. Wagner, however, appears, on the whole (from what I learn), in better spirits. He has promised to attend Miss Minnie Hauk's first appearance as Carmen (announced for Tuesday next).

Naples, March 14.

E. C. FREEMAN.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ADELINA PATTI may be said to have the Parisian public once more at her feet. They are, indeed, her willing slaves—and no wonder. Her Leonora (*Il Trovatore*) was a revelation to them, just as her Violetta (*La Traviata*) was to Alexandre Dumas—and no wonder.

LISZT's "JOHN THE BAPTIST."—Mr Walter Bache has once again come forward as the champion of his master, Liszt, with a great (or rather long) work, entitled *Faust-Symphony*. If faith and perseverance long maintained should command success, then Mr Bache amply deserves it; but unfortunately the cause he has taken up has no stability. The length of time occupied in the performance of the *Faust-Symphony* is only equalled by its wearisome emptiness. Over an hour thus spent is over an hour thrown

away. A numerous and efficient orchestra, thoroughly well directed by Mr Bache (a far better conductor than he is a pianist)—Chopin's F minor Concerto, with Herr Klindworth's obtrusive and cumbersome "additional accompaniment" (to wit), though playing its very best, could not conceal the poverty of ideas which the most tortuous and adventuresome instrumentation was impotent to help.—*Graphic*.

CHARLES LECOCQ is writing a new opera, to be called *Le Marquis de Windsor*—a tempting opportunity for Messrs Meilhac and Halévy to revenge themselves for the failure of their latest production by ridiculing England and the English.

HERR ROBERT HAUSMANN, the new violoncellist, who played Schumann's A minor concerto, with solos by Locatelli and Popper, at Saturday week's concert in the Crystal Palace, achieved a great and legitimate success. He is a thorough master of his instrument. We shall return to Herr Hausmann, however; for he is too genuine an artist to be dismissed with a passing word.—*Graphic*.

AMONG the eminent foreign artists already in our midst are Herr Barth, the pianist, from Berlin; Herr Heermann, violinist, from Frankfort; and Herr Hausmann, a violoncellist, also from Berlin, who stands nearer, perhaps, to Signor Piatti than any living professor of the instrument. All three have been heard and applauded at the Crystal Palace, where Mr Manns still carries on his performances, in chronological order, of Beethoven's symphonies, the fifth of which (C minor) is to be given to-day. Herr Barth has also played at the Popular Concerts, where his admirable executions of the Variations composed by Brahms upon a Theme from one of the Caprices ("Capricci") of Paganini will not easily be forgotten.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the fact that several Cremona violins of high price were used at the concert but lately given in St James's Hall by Mr Hallé with his famous Manchester orchestra. Amongst others was a Stradivarius, in the possession of Mr G. Haddock, valued by its owner at upwards of 1,000 guineas. Mr Haddock, a well-known collector of Cremona instruments, and a member of the orchestra which it has taken Mr Hallé so many years to establish in the great Lancashire city, played upon this violin himself at the concert referred to. It is generally known among fiddle-worms (if the phrase may be permitted) as the "Emperor," in consequence of its surpassing qualities of shape and tone. The date of its production is 1715, when Stradivarius, foremost of violin artificers, was at the zenith of his career.—*Graphic*.

CONCERTS.

The seventeenth performance of new compositions by members of the Musical Artists' Society, took place on Saturday, March 6th, at the Royal Academy of Music. The following is the programme:

Quartet, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (N. Mori)—Mr Mori, Mr Oldaker, Mr W. H. Hill, and Mr Henry Lütgen; Songs, "My Lady's gems," and "Gather the rosebuds while ye may" (Arthur H. Brown); Quartet, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Algernon Ashton)—Mr E. H. Thorne, Mr —, Mr R. Blagrove, and Mr Walter Pettit; Three Songs, "Sail swiftly, O my soul," "Awake, O heart," and "The Linnet Song" (Walter Macfarren)—Miss Kate Steel; Air and Variations for violin (Caroline Moseley)—Mlle Vaillant; Song, "Golden sunbeams glancing" (Edward Sharp)—Miss Amy Aylward; and Concerto, for two pianofortes Marshall H. Bell (the orchestral parts condensed for a string quartet)—1st pianoforte, Mr Löhr; 2nd pianoforte, Mr M. H. Bell.

MISS NELLIE CHAPLIN, a young pianist of promise, studying at the London Academy of Music, gave a concert at the Athenæum, Camden Road, on Thursday evening, March 11, when an interesting selection was provided. Miss Chaplin played Chopin's Ballade in G minor and some pieces by Schumann, Tchaikowsky, and Rubinstein with much success, joining Miss Dunbar Perkins in Beethoven's Sonata in D, for pianoforte and violin, M. Marlois in the arrangement by M. Saint-Saëns of his own *Danse Macabre*, for two pianofortes, and Miss Pickard in Raff's *Tarentelle*. The vocal music was entrusted to Mrs Bradshaw McKay, Misses Cecilia Fuller, N. McEwen, Ellen Marchant, Messrs Dudley Thomas and Frank Thomas. Miss Dunbar Perkins played Vieuxtemps' *Fantaisie Caprice* on the violin with excellent effect, Misses Kate Chaplin and A. Dinelli (two very young aspirants) contributing a duet for two violins, "La dernière Rose" (Moret). Messrs J. Turle Lee and George Gear were accompanists, in all respects efficient.

A CONCERT was given at St James's Hall on Saturday evening, in aid of the funds of the German Society of Benevolence. There was a very large attendance, and it is to be hoped that a corresponding gratuity was realised for so deserving an object. The singers were Misses Carlotta Elliot, Adeheid, and Paula Berconi, Marie Lido, Mmes Patey and Liebhart, Messrs George Olmi, W. Shakespeare, and Max Friedländer. The instrumentalists were Mdlle Janotha, Herren Hausmann and Joachim. The performances, it need hardly be added, were all that could have been anticipated, and the audience were profuse in their demonstrations of satisfaction, not only applauding liberally, but illiberally calling for repetitions. Mr Wilhelm Ganz accompanied the vocal music—no slight task, seeing that there were some twenty pieces in the programme; as many more, however, would hardly have dismayed this able and zealous professor.

At the new Concert Hall, Newman Street, Oxford Street, Mr Percy Blandford, a very promising vocalist, gave, on Monday afternoon, a "Matinée Musicale d'Invitation," under distinguished patronage, with results highly gratifying to a numerous and fashionable audience. Mr Blandford, in the course of a well-chosen programme, gave Blumenthal's "My Queen," Faure's "Sancta Maria" (accompanied on the new American organ), and "Only you and I," by F. Desprez. Among the other vocalists were Miss Helen D'Alton, who sang F. H. Cowen's "Will he come," Miss de Fonblanque, Signor Bartolucci, and Mr Walter Fletcher. Signor Romano was conductor, and a feature of the concert was the brilliant pianoforte playing of Miss Bessie Richards, whose skilful execution of the solos, *Rondo à la Turque*, by F. H. Cowen, and *Valse de Concert*, by Wieniawski, obtained appreciative recognition.

THE Guildhall Orchestral Society gave a concert at the Mansion House on Saturday afternoon, when this newly-formed body of instrumentalists performed Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*; Mr Weist Hill's Gavotte (for strings only); Bizet's *L'Arlesienne*; the first movement of Goetz's Symphony in F; a Swedish *Volksmelodie*, for strings only, by Svensden; Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette;" and the March from Costa's *Elfi*. In these performances good qualities were displayed by the orchestra (chiefly amateurs), which has the inestimable advantage of being conducted by Mr Weist Hill. Under such skilful guidance, and with the associated practice obtained by frequent rehearsals, it can scarcely fail to make progress. Mdlle Giulia Welm, Miss J. Cravino, and Mr Stedman contributed several vocal pieces with effect. The concert included Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Andante gioioso*, for pianoforte (with orchestra), the leading part in which was cleverly played by Miss V. Bath.

THE St Cecilia Choir (consisting of lady choristers only) gave its first public concert in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music. Herr Carl Reinecke's cantata, *Aschenbrüdel*, for soprano and mezzo-soprano, with chorus of women, was performed to an English version (*Cinderella*), by Lewis Novra. The solo parts were efficiently sung by Misses Friedländer and Wakefield, the narrative text being recited by Miss J. Webling, a very young elocutionist, who acquitted herself with intelligence. Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm, Gounod's "Noël" (solos by Mrs Harrison and Miss M. Lennon), and some part-songs were also given by the choir. The programme comprised other vocal pieces contributed by the soloists just named, with Miss Hohenschild and Messrs B. Lane and Marzials, with performances on the pianoforte by Miss Dora Schirmacher, and on the violin and violoncello by Mdlle Vaillant and Herr Daubert, varying the programme. Mr Malcolm Lawson conducted, Miss Carmichael and Mr E. H. Turpin acting as accompanists.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The short visit of Mr Carl Rosa's Opera Company opened with a novelty. On the occasion of their last coming *Mignon* and another less successful new work were introduced, and on this occasion an opportunity of again hearing the masterpiece of Ambrose Thomas—than which nothing finer has been introduced to the Edinburgh public for years—we have besides presented to us a work of admitted excellence which our musical dilettanti would otherwise have had to cross the Channel to hear (like *Carmen*) for the first time with a regular operatic company. Although the University Concert formed a strong counter-attraction, the theatre was well patronised. The spirited story of Shakspeare's play is closely followed in the opera, though, of course, shortened and adapted for musical setting. The music of Goetz is throughout excellent, the declamatory portion being in accompanied and well-wrought-out recitative, with varied orchestration. The weight of the opera rests upon the two principals—the hot-tempered Katharine and her boisterous lover. Miss Gaylord appeared to great advantage as the heroine, singing and acting with true dramatic feeling throughout. Her first air, "I'll give myself to no one," which was redemanded, and the scene where Petruchio makes his startling

advances, is dramatic, as is also the wedding scene. In the fourth act, the strongest in the opera, some admirable music is given, chief of which is the air in which Katharine acknowledges she is overcome—"My strength is spent," a richly-coloured and melodious air. The scene with the tailor and the reconciliation are also admirably sustained. Of the Petruchio of Mr Walter Bolton much that is favourable may be said. He looked and acted the part well. His love song in Act I, "She is a wife for such a man created," received a forcible interpretation, and in the duets and concerted pieces he was quite at home. The operatic idea of Baptista, as given by Mr Snazelle, is comic to a point. A very pretty scene is the wooing of Bianca by the two lovers disguised as teachers, Miss Warwick, Messrs Crotty and Packard receiving much applause for the duet, "Arma virumque cano." The chorus throughout was spirited and bustling. The parts of the tailor and Grumio were ably represented, the admirable humour of Mr Charles Lyall (as quiet as it is thoroughly genuine) being conspicuous in the former. Altogether this opera is an important addition to the *répertoire*. To-night the *Bohemian Girl* is to be given.

MANCHESTER.—Gounod's opera, *La Reine de Saba*, has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, under the title of *Irene*, with Mdlle Blanche Cole, Messrs Ludwig and Turner in the principal parts. The opera, conducted by Mr Frederic Archer, was, according to the *Manchester Examiner*, a complete success.

EDINBURGH.—An organ recital was given by Sir Herbert Oakeley on the afternoon of March 11th, in the Music Class Room, to a crowded audience. The greater part of the selection was chosen from the programme of the annual University Concert, announced for the following Monday, and the recital might, therefore, be considered an introduction to that popular event. There was a distinguished audience. An air from Handel's *Berenice*, well sung by Mr Arthur Makgill, was much applauded. Two choral songs were encored, and Sir Herbert Oakeley's improvisation on the "Boat Song" was especially noticeable. A gavotte by Mr J. M. Smieton showed unmistakable talent.

ONORIFICENZA AL M.^e FRANCESCO SCHIRA.

Questo distintissimo maestro è stato testè creato Commendatore dell'ordine della CORONA D'ITALIA. È un onore meritato da un artista, che per il suo incontestabile talento di maestro e di compositore, e per il suo carattere integro, gode la stima di tutta la più alta aristocrazia di Londra. È tanto più questa onorificenza è preziosa, in quanto che essa gli venne conferita di motu proprio dal RE UMBERTO. — "Trovatore."

Herr Winkelmann, the tenor, goes, on the expiration of his engagement at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, to the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, where he will sing the part of Nero, of which he was the original representative in Hamburg.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the third Philharmonic Concert with their presence, and had the excellent taste to remain attentive listeners until the very end of the performance.

MAD. MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY will arrive in London next month, to play at the Orchestral Concerts of Mr Ganz and at other high-class entertainments, including, it is hoped, the much expected performances to be conducted by Hans Richter.

THE festival dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, the 142nd anniversary of which was celebrated on Wednesday at Willis's Rooms, Lord Chelmsford in the chair, was, as usual, a brilliant and comfortable affair, productive of the happiest results.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fourth Philharmonic Concert on Thursday night was admirable in all respects. Haydn's Symphony in B flat (Salomon, No. 7) and Schumann's in C major were admirably given under the direction of Mr Cousins; Herr Joachim, who was in magnificent play, shone with more than accustomed lustre in the elaborate and difficult concerto composed for him by his friend, Brahms, as well as in a *sarabande* and *bourrée* (with their respective "doubles") from Bach's B minor *Suite*, both magnificently executed; Mrs Osgood gave Randegger's fine dramatic scene, "Medea," and "Rose softly blooming" from Spohr's *Azor and Zemira* in her very best manner (which is saying much); and the whole came brilliantly to an end with Auber's picturesque overture to *Gustave III*. The hall (St James's) was crowded, and every one went away satisfied and charmed. We love to find the old society thus showing its mettle and proving emphatically that "old Double" is not "dead," but quick and thriving.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

That only a comparatively small number of amateurs visited St James's Hall yesterday afternoon to hear two of Beethoven's posthumous quartets surprised nobody. Mr Arthur Chappell himself could hardly have been discouraged, the best proof of which is that he shrinks from placing these remarkable works before his Monday and Saturday patrons, choosing rather to organise a special performance for the behoof of the few who, knowing them in part, desire to study them more, or of those who, not knowing them at all, are anxious to make their acquaintance. Years must elapse before the posthumous quartets are anything but a sealed book to the crowd, and a half-solved riddle to the elect of art. Even for this distant prospect of a great advance we are indebted solely to Mr Chappell, who, by the one performance he gives during the annual visit of Herr Joachim, keeps the quartets before the public in a position where the most can be made of the little we are permitted to see. It is usual on these occasions to select two of the famous five, and choice fell yesterday afternoon upon the quartet in A minor (Op. 130) and that in B flat (Op. 131). The first, as every amateur knows, contains the "Song of Thanksgiving in the Lydian mode, offered to the Divinity by a convalescent"—perhaps the noblest and most elevated of all expressions through the medium of pure music. It may be that the second, in B flat, is less easily recognisable, because not so distinctively marked. But this quartet has, also, a feature which serves as an aid to memory, and a strengthener of interest, since its last movement is the swan's song of the illustrious composer. With that bright and joyous *allegro*, Beethoven took farewell of life; and how suggestive is the fact that, in bodily pain and weakness, and with a consciousness of approaching fate, he was inspired to write a movement which is as the carol of a bird set free. Neither into the structure nor the meaning of the two quartets can we, for obvious reasons, now enter. Such works are not to be carelessly touched without an imputation of something akin to sacrilege. They demand reverent and exhaustive study by the light of growing experience and deepening reflection, and only in this manner can the student penetrate their secret. The performance of both quartets, by MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, was wonderfully good. Herr Joachim "led" as though inspired. Uniting in an extraordinary degree the feeling and the intellectuality demanded by Beethoven, he stands unrivalled as an interpreter of the master, and this position he once more asserted yesterday afternoon. The other artists were worthy of their chief, every movement being played with a oneness of purpose and expression that left nothing to desire. Between the quartets Mdlle Janotha introduced, by way of relief and change, the master's well-known Andante in F for pianoforte, executing it with perfect taste and skill.—D. T.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT AND HIS MUSIC TO *AJAX* , &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In the programme-book of last Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace we were informed by our estimable friend "G."—generally as complete and precise as he is always enthusiastic—that the Prelude to *Ajax* was composed before July 8th, 1872. How many of us, who listened with interest to Bennett's noble music, must have wished to be more accurately informed! But, to fix the date of the composition of any of Bennett's more important works, with any degree of accuracy, is well nigh impossible, because it is well known that, following the example of the greatest of masters, he was wont to carry about his ideas with him for years before finally putting them down on paper and giving them forth to the world. That this was at least the case with his music to *Ajax* I am in a position to assert. In the course of an evening that I had the pleasure of spending at his house during the winter of 1860-61 he told me of his intention to write music to *Ajax*, and gave me to understand that he had already commenced it, for he complained of the restriction of writing for a chorus of male voices, which he likened to writing for horns. Here then was a work commenced in 1860, or thereabouts, and not completed at his death in 1875.

His sonata *The Maid of Orleans* is another case in point: I have my suspicion that he carried this about with him for even a much longer period than the *Ajax* music. I arrived at this suspicion in

rather a curious way. Having possessed myself of a copy of *The Maid of Orleans* sonata within a few days of its publication in 1873, I was of course immensely taken with it, and naturally the first question I put on meeting any of my musical friends was: "Have you seen Bennett's new sonata?" On thus interrogating my friend, Mr John Hullah:—"No," he said, "it is probably something he wrote forty years ago." Oddly enough the very same evening I came across a passage in Moscheles' Diary in which he speaks of his own overture to *Joan of Arc* being performed by the Philharmonic Society on the same evening (in 1835) on which "the youthful Sterndale Bennett, a pupil of Cipriani Potter, played a concerto of his own composition." The very natural conclusion at once suggested itself: it was then, in 1835, that Bennett first conceived the idea of a *Maid of Orleans* sonata. I charged Bennett with this a short time afterwards, and he did not deny it, but in his always kindly manner replied, "I don't know; it has been a long time about, and I am very glad to have got rid of it at last."

On the same occasion I remarked to him: "I have tried to play it, but the more I practise it, the worse it goes." "Yes," he said with his habitual modesty, "it's badly written for the piano." "No, no, Professor," I rejoined, "it's my bad playing." "Well," he continued, "A flat minor is a horrible key; I tried to alter it, but found it was impossible in any other." And so anyone will discover who attempts to transpose it.

I have jotted down these few reminiscences of personal intercourse with Bennett from a feeling that, if everyone who came in contact with him would do the like, matter would be forthcoming for a much more complete and interesting biographical sketch of his career than we at present possess. C. A. B.

Sydenham, 15th March, 1880.

[There is a vast deal to say about Bennett; but we may at once protest that the idea of Moscheles, or his overture, having any connection whatever with Bennett's sonata is pure moonshine. We wonder that Dr Hullah, whose constitutional gravity is notorious, should have made such a remark about *The Maid of Orleans*. "C. A. B." must have been dreaming. The story of Bennett, his life and his art, has never been told—even in the Dictionary of Dictionaries. But what is the use of talking seriously about music, when one hour and a quarter can be patiently expended by reasonable beings on such galmatias as the "Inquiry Motive," the "metamorphosis of themes," and the transformation of Mephistopheles ("allegro ironico") into a pantomimic hob-goblin?—D. Peters.]

AT THE BOAT RACE.

(A Policeman's Duties.)

Policeman! hi! It's luck that brings	Policeman, have you seen the stands, With rows of seats, and flags and all?
Me here just now, to light on you;	Why, I'd capsize them with my hands—
I've such a lot of little things	I'm certain some of them will fall.
I want to ask you just to do.	I know my fears may be absurd,
There's such a crush of folks from town—	But there, I couldn't sleep nor sup
It isn't safe!—in every train;	If any accident occur'd—
I do so wish you'd thin them down,	I wish you'd go and hold them up.
And send some thousands home again!	
Policeman! here! I'm sure you'll say	Policeman! stand not idly by,
Too many boats are on the tide;	But earn my everlasting thanks—
They dodge about in such a way,	The tide is coming up so high
That some, I'm certain, must collide;	That people all along the banks
Just keep them all beneath your eye	Will get their toes in quite a soak,
Along from Putney to the "Ship,"	And catch rheumatic pains—and drown.
And see that no one chances, by	Oh, do not treat it as a joke,
Some accident, to get a dip.	But go and keep the water down.
Policeman! you! The crews are in	Policeman! Bobby! Bless my soul!
Such little boats; now mark me well—	How very terrible a sight
They are, I tell you, far too thin;	To see so many persons roll,
As thin as any cockle-shell!	Completely—shall I call it?—tight.
Now don't, policeman, I beseech,	They fill the streets! Arise in scorn,
Don't stand like that and stare in doubt!	And take them up, and let them be
Go with them, in the stern of each,	Incarcerated till the morn—
And see that no one tumbles out.	No, no! policeman! NO! Not me!

—Fun.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mapleson got back here from his western trip a day or two ago, and began a five weeks' season at the Academy of Music last evening with Marimon as Lucia; and Campanini, Galassi, and Behrens also in the cast. Campanini was received with twice the welcome accorded to any one else, and beamed with delight even when his voice broke badly—the result of a cold he caught in the west. It is announced that he will remain in this country until next year, and perhaps longer, at any rate until the London public show some desire to have him back again. He thinks that you Londoners have treated him badly for some time, have not appreciated him at his merits, and especially that the critics of the press have inclined their ears too meekly to Sir Michael Costa, who never has anything good to say about Campanini—at least that is what is said over here. Another of Mapleson's company who is to remain in New York is Mdme Lablache, who will devote her energies to training pupils for the stage. Signor Lablache will join her in a few weeks, and a permanent home will be made for them here. Mdle Valleria, also, is said to be doubtful about going back, rumours of a matrimonial engagement being the foundation, probably, for the report that she will remain in her native city of Baltimore, near Washington. The rest of the company have nothing very new to tell, except that they have done their duty by the United States, and are glad that the most disagreeable part of it is over. All of them dreaded more or less the constant travelling over long distances necessitated by those trips in north and west. Most of the singers catch colds, and Col. Mapleson gets the gout. The financial success of the *tournee* has not been very brilliant—not so satisfactory as last year—but sufficiently pleasant to warrant Mapleson in making arrangements to go west again next year, when, however, he will leave out the cities of St Louis and Cincinnati. In the former place he gave *Aida*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, *Linda*, *Faust*, and *Carmen* to houses not one-third full, and the operahouse in St Louis is not a large one at that. It seems that the people out there found the price for stalls too high—fifteen shillings being asked for the best places. The newspapers sided with the public and spoke of "Her Majesty's three dollar opera—two dollars for majesty and one dollar for opera." In Cincinnati, which is the great people packing centre of the country, the people were either too poor or too much given up to classical music to patronise the opera. It is perhaps to offset the association of so many living and dead pigs that Cincinnati pretends to a passionate fondness for the fine arts, and likes to be called the Athens of America. It was Cincinnati that tempted away from New York the best orchestral conductor that we have ever had in this country—Theodore Thomas. They have a magnificent music-hall, and sing oratorios and cantatas without end. But they would have none of Mapleson; Marimon trilled on the upper B flat and Campanini gave the pork-packers so much for their money that it laid him up for a week; but the public would not come, and so Mapleson erased Cincinnati from the list of cities high in his estimation, and after making some remarks about the folly of casting pearls before swine—or their killers—he hied to Philadelphia and had pretty fair success. In Baltimore, perhaps on account of the personal popularity of Mdle Valleria, his season of four nights was the most successful of all. In Baltimore Valleria was allowed to appear as *Aida*, which she did with so much success as to kindle the flames of jealousy in the breast of Mdme Ambre, who, in spite of a most thorough and persistent puffing, is not a favourite in anything. At least a dozen pamphlets have been issued for the benefit of that lady, and sent broadcast through the land; they describe her great beauty—mentioning her age as twenty-four years; they tell how the King of Holland, with the love of art so characteristic of kings, transplanted her to Holland; how Verdi "obliged" Halanzier to give her the part of *Aida* at the Paris Opéra, and so forth. Mdme Ambre has a husband and an agent devoted to pushing her interests with the press, and the results are not worth the trouble they take or the paper their glowing pamphlets are printed on. The company left here on the day before Christmas, and visited Boston, Chicago, St Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Baltimore, and Philadelphia—eight weeks of constant travelling.

Now that they are back, the outlook for prosperity is better than when they went away. Money is plenty, and, as it is Lent, our fashionable world takes the opera in lieu of balls. Some of

the incidents in their trip were very funny. One man walked twenty miles to St Louis with the expectation of hearing Queen Victoria sing in Her Majesty's troupe. He wanted his money back. In Cleveland a deputation of the foremost citizens called upon Mr Mapleson and proposed that he should give *Pinafore* with Marimon as Buttercup, because, as they remarked, everyone in Cleveland knew the music. Mr Mapleson is not the only manager who has found the American public unusually backward in supporting music. Max Strakosch, who, before Mapleson came a-poaching upon what Strakosch considered his operatic preserves, has had a very bad year of it, and vows that he has done with Italian opera for ever. His company includes Mdle Singer, Mdle Belocca, a Miss Litta, Miss Davenport, Storti, a fine baritone, Petrovitch, a tenor of whom but little good can be said, Castelmarty, a French basso, who knows a great deal about acting and something about singing, and a dozen minor persons. The company has been travelling all over the country since the autumn, not daring, apparently, to try conclusions with Mapleson, and came here soon after Mapleson went away. Unfortunately for Strakosch, his tower of strength, Mdle Singer, no sooner gets here than she falls ill and is only able to sing once during his whole season. She sang in *Aida* one night and was immensely successful, the performance calling forth more applause from the public and the newspapers than any performance of *Aida* which I remember in this country. It was all the more aggravating to Strakosch to have her fall ill in these circumstances, but the effort of singing on that one night cost her dear, and since then—some six weeks ago—she has not been heard. The brunt of the New York season fell upon Mdle de Belocca, who worked hard and well, but could not carry a whole opera season through alone. Her *Carmen* was decidedly far the best we have seen since Minnie Hauk left, and in *La Favorita* she also made an excellent impression.* Miss Litta, a soprano hailing from the West, was not to the public's taste.

Strakosch is so discouraged with his enterprise this year that he has abandoned the notion of any more concurrence with Mapleson, and will leave the field entirely to the latter next year. He gives up Italian opera for opera-bouffe in English, with the best singers he can pick up in England and on the continent. He has already given orders to have several French works translated, and "the orchestra, chorus, and scenery will be on a scale hitherto unknown in English opera-bouffe." But, perhaps, of all the operatic managers who have gone through the last season in this country, Maurice Grau has fared the worse. Do what he will he cannot make the public come to the entertainments presided over by Capoul, Paola Marié, and Angele, in paying numbers. The poor fellow is bitterly disappointed, and attributes most of his ill-success to Sullivan and Gilbert's *Pinafore*, which, he says, has corrupted the taste of the American nation for good music—to wit, opera-bouffe. When I last wrote Grau had just returned from an unsuccessful series of performances in Boston, where he lost £300 a week. He then began again in New York, at Booth's Theatre, left vacant by Boucicault's illness, and gave two or three weeks of very fair opera to almost empty houses. The truth was that in Boston the company lost more than money; some of them lost their voices in the perpetual fogs which cover Boston during the winter. It became evident after a few nights at Booth's that Paola Marié and one or two of the men were as hoarse as crows, and sang only to keep the house open. Capoul complained that in *Mignon*, which the company gave in French, he could not act with any love-fervour; he could not even get his arm around Marié (Mignon) without sneezing violently—she had on so many mustard plasters. From here they went to Philadelphia, the home of the Quakers, and the Quakers would have none of their French naughtiness. It was only when they reached New Orleans, with its half-French population, that their audiences became respectable in numbers. They remained there a month, and since then have been following Mapleson around the country. Next week Grau will try New York once more with *Le Pré aux Clercs*, *Camargo*, and some other works new to this city. I hope his success may be greater than it was in December. It was really painful to hear this good company singing to certainly not more than 150 persons in a theatre with a seating capacity for 2,500. The fortunes of war are nothing in the way of uncertainty to those of opera-managers in this country. It is reported on good

* We are not at all surprised.—W. D. D.

authority that Capoul has a contract with Grau for £20 a night, a deposit having been made in Paris to secure him against loss. I doubt very much whether the whole receipts at some of his performances amounted to that sum.

M. Ketten, the French pianist, has since joined forces with Wilhelmj, who also has some intention of sailing for Australia, not being quite satisfied with the reception which he has met with in the United States. The fact is, that he is too far above the comprehension of the people to be popular.

Around the stupendous success of Gilbert and Sullivan there is no cloud. The *Pirates* have drawn crowded houses for six weeks now, and would do so for six weeks longer were the house not let to Grau. Had these gentlemen possessed the American talent of taking advantage of business opportunities, they would have made, at least, £25,000 a piece out of the *Pirates*, in place of the modest £400 a week with which they have been satisfied. The energetic D'Oyly Carte has just organized four companies, which will play the *Pirates* in the country towns. Both Sullivan and Gilbert sailed to-day in the "Gallia," and will be already thoroughly pumped as to their American experiences before this letter sees the light of print. One clever thing that Gilbert said a few days ago equals anything in the *Pirates* :—

"During the rehearsals of the *Pirates* one of the female chorus-singers was observed by Gilbert to be weeping bitterly, and refusing to be comforted by her companions. Feeling interested, he asked her the cause of her grief, but she rigidly refused to disclose it. All that he could learn from her was that the costumier of the theatre had insulted her gravely. 'But what did she say to you?' persisted Gilbert. 'O! I never will repeat it,' was the reply that came through the tears that almost choked her. 'I will not allow any of my people to be insulted here,' said Mr Gilbert, 'and if you will tell me what was said I will see that amends are made.' After considerable hesitation the girl sobbed, 'Well, sir, she—she—told me—I was no better than I should be!' 'But you are, aren't you?' inquired Gilbert, with the most sympathetic earnestness."

These popular gentlemen take away with them about £6,000 each as a little souvenir of their trip, and they have very good prospects of receiving a steady income of one or two hundred pounds a week from the *Pinafore* and *Pirates* companies now travelling in different states. *Pinafore*, like the poor, we have with us always; I do not think that a night has passed for a year in which some theatre in this city or its suburbs did not give *Pinafore*.

Among the minor items of news, I must mention the stupendous success of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, given four times by the Symphony Society, under Dr Damrosch, with an orchestra of sixty pieces and a chorus of four hundred. Also that Dudley Buck, the American composer and organist, has won the prize of £200 offered last year by the Cincinnati College of Music for an American cantata.

HAVEY.

New York, March 3rd, 1880.

THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

(From the "Edinburgh Courant," March 16.)

Last night the crowded and distinguished audience assembled in the Music-hall were in a position to form some estimate of the advance made in musical culture by the students of the Edinburgh University. It is something to know that we have one who is able to draw out to its full capacity the musical talent possessed by the incessantly changing constituency of our great University. In every sense of the term last night's concert must be termed a great success. In hardly any respect did the hall bear any resemblance to that presented on the occasion of an ordinary concert. The sea of bright young faces surged over tier upon tier in the orchestra, and the enthusiasm with which they greeted their conductor sufficiently indicated that the concert was one of no ordinary character. In referring to this concert, which in respect to its student chorus is of special and unique interest, it should be borne mind that some half of that chorus are almost raw recruits. The majority of its members commenced their musical practice this winter, and little, if anything, of the art was known to them some four months ago. Each year an almost fresh chorus has to be formed, in consequence of the departure of old and the arrival of new members. This annual fluctuation, taken in conjunction with the short period possible for practice must render their training a difficult task. In such circumstances their form is

really surprising. Of course the advantage of a liberal education must smooth away difficulties otherwise hardly surmountable. The intelligence and general refinement exhibited in the students' efforts unmistakably showed the great advantage referred to; the feeling being conveyed that if the performance was occasionally not up to the mark of professional choralists, it had a *verve* about it which in a great measure made up for technical deficiencies unavoidable in the circumstances. Be this as it may, the University concert has become one of the most popular here. Its programme is always one of rich and varied interest to all hearers. The bright and animated appearance of the chorus of young men assembled on the platform is another point of special charm. In looking at the fine set of young fellows who sang last night it could not but be felt that the ennobling influences of music are not exaggerated, and that its cultivation in our University is doing something for her *alumni* which severer studies may not do, and thus filling a void in Scottish student-life too long existing. The Music Chair in our University, indeed, is producing results scarcely anticipated by its munificent founder. The example of Edinburgh University in forming a musical society has been followed at Aberdeen, where a very successful concert was recently given; and we hear that a similar association has been started at St Andrew's University.

With such a splendid selection of music the thirteenth annual concert could not fail of success. In the opening song, "Gaudemus," the harmony of voices was fair, as well as in the part-song, "The red wine flows." The attraction of Sir Herbert Oakeley's "Troubadour" seemed to be overpowering, and the encore was irresistible. Even Professor Blackie must have been delighted with the reception given to the Scottish songs accorded a place in the programme. They were admirably arranged as choruses by our esteemed Professor, and the air, "What's a' the steer, kimmer?" harmonised in a manner which thoroughly entranced the audience, whose demands for an encore were again not to be resisted. Miss Wakefield sang Beethoven's "All Nature shows a Creator's glory," as well as two songs by Sterndale Bennett, "Dawn, gentle flower" and "Sing, maiden, sing." This lady, who possesses a voice of real purity and beauty, won the sympathies of the audience both in the music of the great German and that of the much regretted Englishman. The instrumental part of the concert was as complete a success as the vocal. Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas* and Rossini's to *La Gazza Ladra* were equally well played and equally attractive. Sir Herbert Oakeley conducted as usual, and what with the enthusiastic regard of those who may fairly be termed his pupils, and the evident satisfaction of the audience, must have felt some measure of recompense for his energetic labours in furthering the interests of the noble art of which he is the ostensible guardian among us. Last night's work afforded a gratifying proof of the progress made by the musical renaissance in Scotland—to which the distinguished Professor has so largely contributed.

IMPROMPTU.

Are you fit for Rienzi? asked Jones in the cram;
Answered Johnson, impromptu, I'm Schott if I am!

FRA ARGENTINO.

To Carl Rosa, Esq.

The Teatro Re Umberto, Florence, opens at Easter with buffo opera and Manzotti's ballet, *Rolla*.

All Meyerbeer's music to *Struensee* was performed in New York at Herr Carlberg's Symphony Concert on the 28th February. [The eclectic amateurs of the "Empire City" were struck of a heap. For the time being Meyerbeer has sent Liszt to the left-about.—DR BLIDGE]

LEIPZIG.—Weissheimer's opera, *Meister Martin und seine Gesellen*, was performed for the first time at the Stadttheater, on the 6th inst., and, though not of equal merit throughout, well received by the public. The story has already furnished a libretto for Herr Krug, now chorus-master at the Carlruhe Theatre, and another for F. W. Tschirch, conductor at the Theatre in Gera.—The proceeds of the nineteenth Gewandhaus Concert were devoted to charitable purposes. The programme comprised only two compositions: Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Graphic.")

As the season draws rapidly to a close public interest in these thoroughly well-managed entertainments seems to increase. Joseph Joachim, it is true, plays, with rare exceptions, at every one of them—Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings; and how great (and legitimate) is the attraction of his name alone need scarcely be insisted on. This prince of fiddlers, indeed, seems to live and breathe in an atmosphere of good music, without which he could not possibly exist. Nevertheless, the Popular Concerts have that vitality in them which appertains to a healthy growth. They were founded on the principle of good, and from this they have never swerved. Were it otherwise, neither Herr Joachim, nor any other artist, even more distinguished, if possible, than Herr Joachim, could succeed in maintaining that firm hold of the public mind which has been gained by reason of their intrinsic excellence. Mr Chappell has brought forward other novelties of more or less interest since the twice-played sestet for stringed instruments (or "bowed instruments"—*les deux se disent*) of the Czechian composer, Anton Dvorak—or Dvorjak, as his name is sometimes written. Among them must be counted, as worthy notice, a string quartet made up entirely of waltz tunes, the composition of Herr Friedrich Kiel, professor of harmony and counterpoint at the "High Music-School" of Berlin, over which Herr Joachim presides as chief. A quartet presented under such an aspect is something, we believe, without example. Herr Kiel has accomplished his novel task with rare skill, though it must be admitted that an unvaried continuance of the same rhythmic form during no fewer than eleven movements, more or less extended, induces a certain feeling of monotony. Played to perfection, however, by Joachim, F. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, the *Walzer für Streichquartett* (the original title) pleased, and will doubtless be repeated. The clever and unanimously extolled Mlle Janotha has been the pianist at most of the recent concerts; but the return of Miss Agnes Zimmermann from her everywhere successful tour in Germany (where, by the way, she has been performing the concertos of our own Sterndale Bennett with great applause), afforded the director an opportunity for a temporary change, of which he duly took advantage. On the evening of her *début*, besides playing Bennett's three charming sketches, *The Lake*, *The Millstream*, and *The Fountain*, about which Schumann wrote so poetically, Miss Zimmermann introduced a *suite de pièces* of her own composition, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, a work full of energy and spirit, the most individual movement being a "canon on the seventh," which, though obedient to the closest restrictions of counterpoint, is melodious from one end to the other. With the co-operation of Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, it may be well believed that the execution of the *suite* was irreproachable; and Miss Zimmermann may fairly be complimented on the cordial reception it obtained from an audience by no means always predisposed to be satisfied with a new work to which some widely recognised name is not appended. At the concert on Monday night the feature of the highest interest was a performance by Joachim, Ries, Pollitzer, Wiener, Straus, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti, of Mendelssohn's superb *Ottet* for stringed instruments, that left absolutely nothing to desire. The *scherzo* was persistently encored. Weber's pianoforte Sonata in D minor, played by Miss Zimmermann, and one of Spohr's numerous duets for two violins (in A minor), by Joachim and Ludwig Straus, a finished display of masterly skill on both hands, were as good as novelties, so rarely are they heard (the first never till now at the Popular Concerts). There has been nothing fresh to speak of in the way of vocal music.

THE BACH CHOIR.

This society began its fifth season, and gave its tenth public concert, on Tuesday evening, in St James's Hall. The circumstances were propitious all round. More and more, ever since the choir began operations, has public intelligence discerned the fact that to it, and kindred bodies like the London Musical Society, must we look in future for genuine enterprise. The reasons are obvious. When a musical institution seeks to live, and can only live, by the favour of the mass of music lovers, needs must that the taste of the mass be consulted. But where it is to any extent independent and self-supporting, there is at least some sort of margin within the limits of which work may be done with a single eye to artistic progress and culture. The Bach Society is happily situated thus. Under

no obligation to perform works simply because they will pay, or to neglect others on account of their unpopularity, the society works with a view to art alone, and we assert once more, with renewed confidence, that to such institutions must amateurs look for the best service their art can receive. If appearances may be trusted, the Bach Choir finds itself not only privileged but popular. No matter what its programme, a large and influential audience is always drawn together. This was especially the case on Tuesday night, St James's Hall being well filled, and the entire performance passing off with all the distinction that public favour could bestow.

The selection of music performed was liberal in quantity and interesting in quality. It opened with Sir John Goss's anthem, "Lift up thine eyes"—one of the works which, because they confer dignity upon the *répertoire* of the English Church, should be heard from time to time in English concert-rooms. The Bach Choir does well not to overlook our masterly Church anthems, of which we have so many that even their number would astonish and confound the people who, afflicted with ignorance or inspired by prejudice, are always telling us that we are nowhere in the international race for musical distinction. There is no present need to sound the praises of Sir John Goss. He still lives amongst us, full of years and honours; his compositions are known in all "choirs and places where they sing," and no voice contests his right to honourable mention as a worthy successor of the fathers of English Church music. The anthem performed on Tuesday is, if not the most striking, one of Sir John's best. Especially should mention be made of the opening double chorus, wherefrom stand out the great qualities of expression and solid grandeur which appeared to such advantage in the music written for the thanksgiving after the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The anthem was most effectively sung under Mr Otto Goldschmidt's direction, the solo being taken by Mr W. Shakespeare, and the organ by Mr Pettit. Following the English anthem came Brahms' German Requiem, performed as never before in our country. On two or three occasions we have had to enlarge upon the characteristics of this great composition, and all that need be done now is to confirm and emphasise the opinions then expressed. The requiem is not wholly without spot or blemish. Passages may here and there be found which show more labour than inspiration, more calculating method than overwhelming passion. But these are exceptional, and we do not hesitate to declare the requiem one of the noblest religious works that have been produced since the days of Mendelssohn, and an honour to the age in which we live. Too much praise can hardly be given to the soloists, orchestra, and chorus for the manner in which they discharged a task absolutely bristling with difficulties. Mrs Osgood and Herr Henschel, the capital band led by Mr Carrodus, the enthusiastic chorus which had "Jenny Lind" as its most brilliant ornament, and Mr Goldschmidt in the capacity of conductor, all won rare honours by a performance not soon to be forgotten. In the second part of the programme were the "Gloria" from Palestrina's *Missa Papa Marcelli*, a very good specimen of the old Italian master, and Bach's famous *Magnificat*, the solos in which were taken by Mrs Osgood, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr Shakespeare, and Herr Henschel. Here, also, the admirable qualities of the choir were conspicuous, and the audience dispersed more assured than ever that in the institution conducted by Mr Goldschmidt London has something of which to be proud.—D. T.

WAIFS.

Messrs Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert left New York for England in the "Gallia," on the 3rd inst. Their success in the United States has been unexampled. [They arrived in London on Saturday morning.—DR BLIDGE.]

Franz Liszt will probably visit Berlin in the early summer.

Bottesini's *Ero e Leandro* is a hit at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

M. Saint-Saëns will make a German tour in October and November.

Herr Nachbaur has renewed his engagement at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris* is to be revived at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Dinorah, owing to the inefficiency of the tenor, has been a failure in Naples.

The Teatro Alfieri, Turin, will be opened in the spring for opera and ballet.

Signora Durand and Sig. Tamagno are engaged for next season at Buenos Ayres.

Max Wolf's operetta, *Cesarine*, has been given at the Residenz Theatre, Dresden.

Herr Berthold Roth, a pupil of Franz Liezt's, is to make his *début* in April at Berlin.

The season at the Teatro Rossini, Venice, has been brought to a premature conclusion.

M. Moszkowski has resolved to give some concerts in Ghent. [Impossible!—DR BLIDGE.]

Heinrich Hofmann's lyric opera, *Annchen von Tharau*, has been somewhat coldly received in Mannheim.

Lohengrin, with Sig. Stagno in the tenor part, will shortly be produced at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

A new comic opera, *Szekely Katalin*, by Erkel, was produced for the first time not long since at Buda-Pesth.

A new opera, *Gabriella di Belle-Isle*, music by Paolo Maggi, has been produced at the Teatro Careano, Milan.

Sig. De Giosa is superintending the production of his opera, *Napoli di Carnevale*, at the Teatro Argentina, Rome.

The ballet of *Coppelia*, with Léo Delibes' music, is to be produced after *Carmen* at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Mad Geistinger commenced a short engagement at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, in Offenbach's *Madame Favart*.

Jules de Swert's opera, *Die Albigenser*, has been favourably received at the Stadttheater, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

Herr Adelbert Stritt, once actor now tenor, has been applauded as the protagonist of *Lohengrin*, both at Carlsruhe and Baden.

Señor Gomez leaves Italy shortly for Bahia and Pernambuco, to conduct the rehearsals of his operas, *Guarany* and *Salvator Rosa*.

Signora Teresina Singer, in consequence of protracted indisposition, has cancelled her engagement for next year with M. Strakosch.

Dr Naumann, Musical Director of the University of Jena, is appointed successor to Herr Rust, as organist of the Thomaskirche, Leipsic.

Before quitting Madrid, Mme Christine Nilsson left 10,000 francs for distribution among the poor of that capital. (Comm.—DR BLIDGE.)

A fire broke out recently during the performance of *Jone* at the Teatro Bellini, Palermo, but was subdued without grave consequences.

The Pope has bestowed the Cross of the Papal Order of St Sylvester on Alexandre Guilman, the eminent French organist and composer.

At the request of the Grand-Duke, Herr G. zu Putlitz has withdrawn his resignation as Intendant-General of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe.

After concluding his engagement at Palermo, Sig. Frapolti, the excellent tenor of Her Majesty's Theatre, goes to Warsaw, to play Radames in *Aida*.

The Pope has conferred the cross of the Papal Order of St Sylvester on Alexandre Guilman, the well-known organist and composer for the organ.

A "musical comedy," *School, or the Charity Pupil*, by Mr Woolson Morse, of Boston (U. S.), is to be produced immediately after Easter—the libretto founded on T. Robertson's *School*.

The members of the Harmony Vocal Association, Zurich, lately gave three performances of *Antigone* with Mendelssohn's music. They might have given three more with increasing success.

Mr Mapleson's new season at the Academy of Music, New York, was to begin on the 1st inst., with *La Forza del Destino*, with Mad. Marie Louise Swift (her first appearance in America) as the heroine.

Signor Boito's very singular and much talked-of opera, *Mefistofele*, is about to be produced in Vienna, where they know more about the second (if not about the first) part of Goethe's *Faust* than they do in Italy.

MME RÉMAURY IN PARIS.—Lent is emphatically the time for concert-giving, and the few days that separate us from Easter are being diligently utilised by all the most popular artists of the day. Among these may be mentioned Mme Montigny-Rémaury, who the other night gave a concert at the Salle Erard, at which the accomplished pianiste engaged the services of a full orchestra, under the conductorship of M. E. Colonne, the director of the excellent Châtelet Sunday Concerts. Besides a number of well-constructed solos, Mme Rémaury performed the first movement of Beethoven's concerto in C major, Weber's *Concertstück*, and Schumann's *Allegro de concert*, exhibiting in all the executive proficiency so much admired and eulogised in London and elsewhere.—Correspondence of Daily Telegraph.

VIENNA.—Nicolas Rubinstein, brother of Anton and founder of the Moscow Conservatory, of which he is still the chief, will give a series of concerts here about the middle of next month. He studied for some time under Professor Th. Kullak in Berlin and enjoys in Russia the reputation of being a fine pianist. [We know him here. Who has forgotten the Beethoven "Op. 111" at the "Pops"?—DR BLIDGE.]

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